

The Historie

Prin. Come hither, Frances. *Fran.* My Lord.
Prin. How long hast thou to serue, Frances?
Fran. Forsooth, fūe yeeres, and as much as to.
Poi. Frances.
Fran. Anon, anon sir.
Prin. Fūe yeere, berladie a long lease for the clinking of pew-
ter; bit Frances, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward
with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run
from it?
Fran. O Lord sir, ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in Eng-
land, I could find in my heart.
Poin. Frances. *Fran.* Anon sir.
Prin. How old art thou, Frances?
Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be.
Poin. Frances.
Fran. Anon sir, pray you stay a little my Lord.
Prin. Nay but harke you Frances, for the sugar thou gauest
me, it was a peniworth, was't not?
Fran. O Lord, I would it had bin two.
Prin. I will giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske me when
thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.
Poin. Frances. *Fran.* Anon, anon.
Prin. Anon Frances, no Frances, but to morrow Frances: or
Frances a Thursday; or indeed Frances when thou wilt. But
Frances.
Fran. My Lord.
Prin. Wilt thou rob this leatherne Ierkin, cristall button,
not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, Caddice garter, smooth
tongue, spanish pouch?
Fran. O Lord sir, who doe you meane?
Prin. Why, then your browne ballard is your onely drinke
for looke you Frances, your white canuas doublet will sulleye.
In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.
Fran. What sir? *Poin.* Frances.
Prin. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call.
*Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing
which way to goe.* *Enter Vintner.*
Vint. What, standst thou stil, and hearst such a calling? looke

of Henry

to the ghests within. My Lord
more are at the doore, shall I le
Prin. Let them alone awhile.
Poi. Anon, anon sir.
Prince. Sirra, Falstaffe an
doore, shall we be merry?
Poi. As merry as Crickets, m
match haue you made with th
the issue?
Prin. I am now of all hum
humours since the old dayes o
age of this present twelue a clo
Frances?
Fran. Anon, anon sir.
Prin. That euer this fellow
a Parrat, & yet the sonne of a
and downe staires, his eloquen
nor yet of Percies minde, the
me some fixe or seuen douzen
his handes, and sayes to his wi
worke. O my sweet Harry sat
to day? Giue my Roane horse
swers some fourteene, an hour
call in Falstaffe, ile play Percy
play Dame Mortimer his wife
Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter F

Poi. Welcome Iacke, whe
Fals. A plague of al cowards
ry and Amen: giue me a cup o
long, ile sow neather stocks, an
A plague of all cowards. Giue
no vertue extant?
Prin. Didst thou neuer see
harted Titan that melted at the
didst, then behold that compo